

SBONETALE (NOT THAT BONE)

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[Sans & Reader](#), [Papyrus & Reader](#), [Gaster & Reader](#)

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SBONETALE (NOT THAT BONE)

by [09Pyros](#) [09Hydros](#)

Summary

Your name is REED C. SANSKRIT, you own a GIANT MANSION which was created by an old friend during a very HARROWING GAME that you WON in the end... with a LOT of CONSEQUENCES, but it was the only ending that you could get. Your friends, the ones alive anyway, have drifted off and some of them forgot EVERYTHING but you chose to remember. Though you're enjoying the things they're making in their new lives, like Homestuck and Undertale which were inspired by your endeavors even though they couldn't remember them anymore.

Your name is REED SANSKRIT, you mostly go by SANS and you are TIRED and LONELY.

"Mornin' Papy. Mornin' Gaster. Mornin' ominous group of strangers standing in my living room. Hold that thought, it's too early to deal with this without either alcohol or coffee."

Shame you ran out of alcohol a couple of days ago from your binge drinking alcoholism.

It seemed like that was about to change though.

"Oh, you're not an ominous group of strangers standing in my living room. You're an ominous group of skeletons standing in my kitchen... That's new."

Notes

Recently I've been pulled back into the Undertale Fandom - eventhoughIneverleftIjustgotsidetrackedashellbyHomestuck- and I've

been reading a lot of Reader Insert where Reader is in the real world and suddenly finds skeletons in their homes.

So that, and combined with a lot of things from Homestuck.

I was hit in the face with an idea.

An idea that WOULDN'T let me go until I wrote SOMETHING.

So to get rid of it and keep going with my other stories without starting anything... I'LL BE PUTTING THIS AS A ONE SHOT.

Who knows, I might make this a legitimate story if or when I finish one of my other stories.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

SBONETALE
==> START
==>Name the Player

You don't need a name.

You have a perfectly good name you've been using ever since you existed.

Which was simultaneously years ago and just now.

Your name is REED C. SANSKRIT, but you tell everyone to call you 'Sans' as a habit from... long ago.

Anyway, you know your name, it's 'Reed' or 'Sans', though no one really calls you 'Reed' anymore.

You miss it, but then again, you're not comfortable with strangers calling you your first name rather than the usual name you've used for the past few years since you came back.

Came back from where?

From a dreaded game called SBURB.

Something that, you really, *really*, don't want to talk about at the moment.

But long story short; you won, you lost a lot of things but you won in the end.

It's been ten years since you've been back to Earth, ten glorious years. Ten, admittedly, lonely years.

But hey, you weren't *totally* lonely. You got pets! It was, a sudden decision that you made a few years ago and you didn't regret it one bit.

You have two pets, one large white husky named Papyrus, you call him 'Papy' or 'Pap' for short. He acted just like his namesake! So excitable, so

energetic and enthusiastic, he... he really reminds you of your brother.

You miss him.

Your other pet was a full grown reverse tuxedo cat, usually those cats were mostly black with white spots but Gaster, the name of your cat, was a reverse tuxedo cat, mostly white with black spots, you even joked to yourself that he had a lab coat on from time to time. Another resemblance to his namesake, he reminds you of your father.

You miss him too.

You miss the both of them.

But they were gone.

*And they were **never** coming back.*

==> Sans: Remember

No.

==> Remember

No.

==> Remember

NO.

==> Remember in a Glimpse

N--

"PAPYRUS!!"

Tick

please

Tock

for the love of god

Ding

plEaSE

Dong

"P-Pap--"

"ny-nyeh... goodbye b-brother..."

Heroic

...

Happy now?

...

Let's just get this over with... Time to get up.

You sigh, sitting up and lazily kicking off the messy blue blankets off of you, scooting over to the edge of your bed so you can get out and start your day. It was extremely early though, but you didn't mind, your sleep schedule was sporadic at best and non-existent at worse. You honestly don't know why you tried going to sleep in your bed a few hours ago, you just ended up staring at the ceiling blankly and ended up in an existential-like phenomenon which ended when you remembered one of your worst memories of your past.

Yeah it was definitely time to get up.

You yawn, stretching lightly and scratched your cheek as you exited your room to make the long trudge to your kitchen, the shortest route was through the living room.

Actually that was a lie, the shortest route was with that platform by the stairs, the transportation pad, jokingly named 'transportilizer' from one of your old friends. He always had these goofy names for the sophisticated technology that littered their session, 'transportilizer' 'sendificator', it was hilarious. And of course Andy used those terms as an official thing in his original webcomic, you miss him but he made his choice in erasing most of his memories and starting life over as a normal human. Well, as normal as someone like Andrew was. He was always a weird kid now man. Nothing really seemed to have changed. He's been doing good for himself though, made *something* out of the clusterfuck that used to be his life, even though he didn't really remember it clearly.

Anyway, even though it was the shortest route, you didn't take it, you'd rather walk for now, if anything because the pad made you uncomfortable since it reminded you too much about the Game. Hell, thinking about it and Andy and his comic and work was basically making you think more about the Game.

Walking short route it was.

Also, walking was good exercise. You'd fly but, that would require changing clothes, you were very comfortable in your bone-printed sweatpants, pink fluffy slippers oversized blue hoodie and black tanktop underneath. Not to mention the nice little night cap that was given to you by a nice friend, sure it was oversized like your hoodie and it obstructed your view but you knew the mansion like the back of your hand and could walk and fly everywhere even if you were blinded ~~You actually did that in a fit of boredom one day.~~ Plus, you could meet Papy and Gaster along the way.

They were here somewhere around the giant mansion you lived in.

It was, ridiculous to simply put it. Situated somewhere in the forest near a town and city, your mansion and land was pretty much ridiculous for just one person with two pets. Also, pretty lonely.

But you couldn't really bear to part with the house, not with the memories of how the mansion was made and the items that were inside the mansion itself. You were weak like that, staying attached to *items* like that, you could've been owning a nice little cottage somewhere near the beach or something, or a nice log cabin in the mountains. But you stuck with the giant and empty mansion.

You were really torturing yourself with this, but you ignored that and kept walking through the empty halls, they weren't always empty though, but that was for another time.

You let out another yawn as you continued your way towards the kitchen, hearing a familiar bark as you got closer to the living room. It sounded excited, and you smile, good dog. Then you tilt your head slightly at the faint sound of voices. Odd. Were they robbers? Who was inside your house? Did Undyne and Alphys break into your house again? Hm, they didn't sound hostile. Didn't seem like it with how they were cooing over Papy and probably Gaster as well, didn't seem like bad people either since Gaster wasn't yowling his fur off and Papy wasn't hiding anywhere to avoid them. Oh well.

Your nightcap obviously obstructs your main view as it covers your head so you can't see your home guests slash intruders but nonetheless you went forward and stepped into the living room, the voices immediately cease when you do. You don't pay them any mind though, smiling idly as you hear Papy bark excitedly and Gaster mewl to your presence, immediately escaping whoever's grip they were in and heading your way. You grunt when a giant husky dog practically tackles you, wheezing when Papy's fluffy white head collides with your stomach, Gaster's butting his head against your calf and ankles. Your nightcap tilts slightly and you can see some of the shoes that your intruders are wearing, you see some leather boots, some shoes, you definitely approve of the pink crocs one of them were wearing.

"Mornin' Papy." You greet the dog, crouching to fully hug the husky, snorting as you try to dodge the incoming slobber fest from Papy's excited 'good morning' greeting lick. You dodge with some success but feel the dog tongue licking your cheek as you fix the red scarf slash collar that was

around Papy's neck, it got turned inside out again so it couldn't show the gold embroidery that showed 'PAPYRUS' on the cloth. You hear someone, multiple someone in the room, choke, did your intruder guests choke on thin air?

You reach down and pet Gaster, "Mornin' Gaster." More chokes and shocked noises as you pet Gaster, who never liked collars and only wore them outside the house, never inside the house. He really liked his freedom, but understood that he needed to wear collars whenever he went out of the house, or when you and he went out of the house.

Finally, you stand and look in the general direction of your intruder guests. Time to address the main elephant in the room. "Mornin' ominous group of strangers standing in my living room. Hold that thought, it's too early to deal with this without either alcohol or coffee." You tell them before immediately heading towards the kitchen, amused as you hear the immediate react from the group behind you, hearing sputters and protests and you'd pay more attention to the words if it weren't for the fact you were so focused on getting either alcohol or coffee to deal with your guest intruders.

Shame you ran out of alcohol a couple of days ago from your binge drinking alcoholism.

You might still be a bit tipsy from that but yeah, no alcohol for you, coffee it was. Papy seemed to be torn from following you or staying to play with the intruder guests but Gaster was at your heels the moment you were walking. After a while, Papy follows after you, tail wagging happily.

And so with that, you're off into your kitchen. Your main kitchen anyway. It was only a few steps from your living room. Making your way to the cupboard for some coffee beans, and the fridge for some sugar and cream, you were thinking for some sweet coffee this morning a deviant from your usual black or simply creamed coffee.

You were patiently waiting for the coffee machine to be done and preparing food for Gaster and Papy when you hear footsteps. Looks like your intruder

guests were finally coming to pester you. Cool. But coffee first. Talking afterwards.

"EXCUSE ME MISTER HUMAN SIR?"

Wow, that was loud, but also somewhat soft? Whoever the guest intruder was, they certainly sounded tired. "Hold up." You replied, raising a hand to stop them just as your wonderful coffee machine dinged, you instantly got to it, lifting the glass coffee pitcher from its pedestal on the machine and put it on the kitchen island which stood as a barrier between you and your intruder guests. They notice that you don't have a mug near by.

"uh-"

Whoever talked as silenced as you pour cream and sugar into the pitcher, stir it slightly with a spoon you had gotten while waiting and proceed to drink the stirred and still very hot coffee *straight from the pitcher*. There is a disbelieving silence as you gulp down hot sugar and cream mixed coffee from the pitcher and merely sigh in content once you were done, half of it already gone and the spoon was still in the pitcher. "Ah that hit the spot... oh, sorry, kinda rude of me to do that in front of you, did any o' you want any coffee? Could just make more if you do?" You said as you finally remembered your manners.

"uh, no thanks?"

"yeah i'm good."

"N-NO, BUT THANK YOU FOR OFFERING MISTER HUMAN SIR!"

"NO. I DON'T WANT YOUR HUMAN COFFEE SLUDGE."

"They're certainly eccentric."

"No kidding."

"OH! I WOULD LIKE-"

"no, maybe later bro but right now? no."

"AWW."

Your intruder guests are strange, calling you 'human sir', though only one of them is calling you that. You shrug, wiping your mouth with your hoodie sleeve and decided to continue on. "Okay so my guest intruders, why are you here and how'd ya get in here?" Before they could answer, you continued because you *could not resist*. "Wait no, let me guess. You went, *in-tru-da window*." You punned, unable to resist since it's been on your mind ever since you realized you had intruders in your house. It's something you've used plenty time before but they didn't know that.

Immediately, there are some snorts, and laughter but there were also disgusted and horrified noises coming from your intruder guests. You grin, finding it a major success anyway.

"Thank you, thank you, I'll be here all week. Or all year. Or the next decade." You said, the caffeine and sugar making you ramble slightly, it always did, or was it the fact you were in front of complete strangers who broke into your house? "So, what brings you guys in my house? Nothin' really worth stealin' despite the fact it's a mansion. Unless you want to steal some shitty posters of Nic Cage." Why you have that, was a story in itself for another time. There were a lot of other things in the house, probably very valuable but you mentioned the shitty posters of Nic Cage since it popped into mind. One of the valuable things that pop into mind after that was your still working alchemiter... and the other things in your lab underneath the mansion.

"WHO IN THE FUCK IS NIC CAGE?!"

They don't know? Strange.

"Okay so what do you guys want?"

Their voices stooped low, murmuring among themselves, you don't eavesdrop, yawning slightly and taking another sip of your coffee. What you do listen to though, is how Papy and Gaster were eating over there in the corner, happily consuming the food you've laid out for them. Good pets.

You should take them on a walk some time later on, after you deal with the strangers in your kitchen.

"*tibia* honest with ya pal, we need some help."

You raise a brow from underneath your nightcap, bone puns? Must be your bone sweatpants. "Really now? And you chose to do ask that by breakin' into my house?" That was an extreme way to ask some help.

"WE UM, DIDN'T EXACTLY 'BREAK IN' TO YOUR HOUSE MISTER HUMAN. WE JUST KINDA, POPPED IN ACCIDENTALLY?"

Interesting.

"And how did you do that?" You ask, scratching your cheek and nose from underneath your nightcap.

"oh for the love of-- take that stupid thing off and look at us!"

"RED! THAT-"

Well, it was about time to take off your cap anyway, not being able to see anything was getting kind of boring and you definitely wanted to see whoever was in your kitchen. "Fair'nuff." You said, interrupting whatever scolding there was to 'Red'. You reach up and took off your cap with flourish, revealing your bone white hair that was still messily strewn in front of your abnormal eyes- you should really put on your glasses before your intruders... saw... your... eyes?

You blink incredulously as you spy... one, two, three, four-- about *eight*? Skeletons in your kitchen.

They all looked like each other. Four of them were tall, were they triplets? Could skeletons be triplets? *Quintuplets*? Cause that's what you were seeing for the smaller other skeletons. Though they all seemed paired, sorta, there were only , two seemed like frequent buyers in the really edgy part of Hot Topic, two pairs seemed to be complete swapped versions of each other with the tall and small ones in blue and orange hoodies while the other two

were wearing armors in white and red and grey and blue. The last two were completely unique, one looked like an artist skeleton, what with his big broom brush and vials of paint on that sash of his while the other was some sort of prince? There was a yellow crown on his head that kind of reminded him of Prospit, though, you wouldn't really know, you were a Derse dreamer after all.

Though they all looked the same, they also looked tired, haggard, their clothes were ruffled and ripped in some places but they didn't seem to be *too* bad, they weren't... on the floor in pain or unconscious? It was hard to tell with skeletons but still, they didn't seem to be dying or in need of dire medical help.

"Oh, you're not an ominous group of strangers standing in my living room. You're an ominous group of skeletons standing in my kitchen... That's new."

They all seemed stumped by your nonchalant surprise. Well, you'd probably be in the same boat. Normal people would be screaming by now but you? This was *interesting*.

"I-Is that all you think? *That's new*?" The artist skeleton asked with surprised, his eyes- eye-lights? Changing. Oh, that was cool.

"Mhmm... Wait... I feel like I should know you guys..." They *did* seem familiar.

Course, it clicked immediately after you thought about it and you raise a hand to point at each skeleton.

"Undertale. Underfell. Underswap. Dream, and Ink."

Their surprise doubles at your words.

"how the fuck do you-"

You grin, "Hold on to your coccyx boys, cuz you're in the universe that created you all."

Stunned silence- aaand now there's ink on your floors as Ink vomited black liquid with an extremely excited look on his face along with a high pitched noise that rang in your ears.

Your name is Reed Sanskrit. You're a veteran SBURB Heart player in the 'real world'. You live in a mansion with your pets named after your deceased loved ones that died in your game session, and right now, you're meeting the skeletons that were named after you from a game that one of your friends made even though he doesn't remember you at all. You miss Tobes, he was an amazing Time Player.

But anyway... this was going to be a long day.

End Notes

WHOOOP

Here we go!

So yeah, that was a thing.

If you're confused then here's the gist of it.

You, the reader, are named Reed Sanskrit. Mostly called 'Sans' by the people around you for reasons undisclosed but suspected. You used to have a brother called Papyrus and a dad called Gaster, they both died in a SBURB game session you won ten years earlier. You now have a dog and a cat named Papy and Gaster.

Toby Fox and Andrew Hussie were players of the same session and were your friends until the end of the game where somehow their memories were mostly erased and they went on to live normal lives. Eventually they make Undertale and Homestuck which were somewhat inspired by their past forgotten memories. You, the reader, were an unintentional inspiration to Sans, the skeleton/s, to the game of Undertale. So in a sense, you ARE A VERSION OF SANS. Does that make sense? I hope so, at any rate, I'm leaving this at that and just continuing on with my life!

This is obviously fiction but it popped into my head so yeah.

I actually really like this idea but I have too much on my plate to deal with at the moment so I can't really make this... But who knows maybe my restraints might snap and I might continue this anyway despite the workload of stories on my plate. At any rate! I hope you guys enjoyed! Till next time!

By the way, let me know which classpect you think Reed Sanskrit is and why :]

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!